

T H E
Poetical Delights.

C O N T A I N I N G

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, REBUSES, &c.

WITH THEIR ANSWERS;

SELECTED FROM AN EXTENSIVE CORRESPONDENCE,

B Y

THOMAS WHITING,

MASTER OF KEPPEL-HOUSE SEMINARY,

FULHAM-ROAD, near BROMPTON.

Editor of the SCIENTIFIC RECEPTACLE.---Author of SELECT EXERCISES.---

A KEY TO DITTO, &c. &c. &c.



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— JAMES OF GREAT BRITAIN —

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POETICAL DELIGHTS.



ÆNIGMAS TO BE ANSWERED.

Enigma 1, by *Mr. Gregory, of Yaxley.*

THE full orb'd moon, refulgent lamp of night,

With majesty serene, shed forth her light;
For pow'rful sol, the glitt'ring god of day,
Had to the western ocean bent his way,—
And silence reign'd—save where the distant rill

In bubbling murmurs glides adown yon hill;
Or where in Zula's wood the lofty Trees
Reflect in hollow sounds the eastern breeze;
Or, from the ivy-mantled tow'r (devote
To father Time) issues the screech-owl's note.

When lo! Cimene appears with sullen gait
And clouded brow, lamenting his hard fate:
For he, alas! the butt of fortune's sport,
His miseries no longer could support,
And dark despair had seiz'd his troubled mind,

So he resolv'd by me relief to find.
Because poor mortals when involv'd in grief,
Have lately thought that I could give relief:
Ah! fatal error—to my tale attend,
And gain, as Cimene did, a better friend.
Determin'd by my aid his woe to ease,
He rashly rais'd his arm; but it did please
Th' interposing pow'r to avert the stroke,
Reason appear'd, and thus to him she spoke.
“Forbear, vain Man! say, why would'st thou thus gain

A wide extended sea of endless pain;
For by thus acting, woes thou wilt insure,
That will to all eternity endure;

'Tis cowardice by which thou'lt be undone:
Desist! take my advice, that monster shun.”
With horror struck at what within his breast
By reason's voice had thus been well express'd,

He then exclaim'd—“Good Heaven, how I view

The dire attempt;—but should my woes anew

Come pouring on, in future I will trust
On *ONE*, omnipotent, all-wise, all-just.”

This said, with hasty steps he homeward goes,

Resolv'd, with reason's help, me to oppose;
Tho' oft unfortunate, yet he seems content,
Nor ne'er in public does his sorrows vent:
He lives in hopes that he shall always be
Possess'd of fortitude to keep from me.

Enigma 2, by *Mr. J. Walton.*

YE fair soft authors of delight attend,
While I describe the virtues of a friend,
Whose lib'ral favors all the just obtain;
Yet, oh! ye fair, the wicked I disdain.
How many men devoid of me lament,
When all they have is in profusion spent!
How many, whom paternal care possesses,
Would gladly leave me to their wanton race.
But if you long to see me still more plain,
By two short hints you'll surely know my name;

My head lopp'd off, some prodigals adore,
And prize me more than e'er they did before.
Tho' if you further still abridge my name,
You'll find what noted gamesters often blame.

Enigma 3, by *Mr. Olinthus Gregory*.
of *Taxley*.

BEHOLD, dear gents, in mystic dress,
I deign to shew my face ;
And, tho' in dark disguise I guess,
You'll give to me a place.
With eager haste and clatt'ring din,
I bring myself to view ;
But now the miracles begin,
Which I'll rehearse to you.
Four eyes have I, two mouths also,
I can extend them wide ;
And I would likewise have you know,
They open at my side.
But I'm no monster I declare,
Tho' oft I swallow men
And women too nay do not stare,
They'll all come out again.
Tho' in my stomach they remain
For hours and sometimes days,
They have no reason to complain
Of my accustom'd ways.
When to my journey's end I come,
I void them all alive ;
And when they're gone, if I find room,
To swallow more I strive.
But change the scene, and turn your eye
To yonder rural shed ;
It's dwellers all on me rely,
To earn their daily bread.
Led on by me the whist'ling hind
With pleasure sows the corn ;
Content and peace possess his mind,
Nor ne'er is he forlorn.
Blest with my aid, each learned sage,
Has knowledge gain'd in store
Whilst genius help'd—and many a page,
They grac'd with charming lore.
If from my face you wish to take
This enigmatic veil ;
Apply but me, the charm will break,
For I scarce ever fail.

Enigma 4, by *Mr. J. Becket*.

O female tyranny ! that heart
Is sure consign'd t' eternal smart.
And lost to ev'ry peaceful hour,
That's sway'd by thy despotic pow'r !
For me, I'm doom'd to tortures sore,
Nor e'er must hope for comfort more :
Tho' once but now for ever flown,
I happier, gentler hours have known.
Each night at opera or play,
I shone in brightest colours gay ;
But when stern age, with every ease,
Depriv'd me of the pow'r to please ;
An armed female tore my skin,
And then conceited me too thin ;
Yet fed me with such tasteless stuff,
She soon perceiv'd I had enough.
But were I, reader, to declare
The stabs which I am forc'd to bear,
And those from such as most pretend
To be my guardian or my friend,
You'd think me false as are the hearts
Of those, the source of all my smarts :
Hence, then, I will my woes conceal,
Till you my mystic name reveal.

Enigma, by *Mr. Swift, of Stow*.

LADIES, a fav'rite I appear,
And your dear hands I kiss, ye fair ;
My shape's an oblong seen to be,
And dress is handsome you'll agree ;
I'm dress'd in red, with spangled gold,
And hence my name you may unfold ;
In mourning I sometimes am clad,
But never known to do what's bad ;
The title that I with me bring,
Makes me receiv'd, ev'n by the King ;
All ranks with me, it is well known,
Have bent submissive lowly down ;
When virgins me they come before,
Hymen—they blush—I'll say no more.



Prize Enigma 6, by *Mr. Thomas Nield*.

THE coachman cracks his whip and crys
ge-ho,
Then cuts his horses—stamps his foot be-
low,
The rattling sound, together with the smart,
Makes every horse to prick his ears and
start,
But without me, he cracks his whip in vain,
His horses move, no more than does the
flair.
See! Hodge the farmer on old Dobbin ride,
Tommy give way, the farmer loudly cried,
My horse is mad, and feign would shew his
speed,
His high flown mettle—worth and noble
breed;
Swift flies old Dobbin, and the farmer's eye
Looks down with scorn, on all he passes by,
But by degrees I did his Dobbin leave,
Which slack'd his foot, and did the farmer
grieve;
Anon my whole entirely from him fled,
The farmer whipt, and Dobbin fell for dead.
Cease! Farmer cease! nor rise again thy
hand,
He's short of me, and me, thou can't com-
mand;
But ere awhile when he recovers breath,
He'll have enough of me, to quit the earth,
Then mount, and ride but gently I em-
pire,
Lest he drops dead, then I return no more.
On learned Newton in Queen Ann's blest
reign,
I gave my influence in a copious strain,
Thro' me he brought each myst'ry dark to
light—
Each doubt he clear'd, and rectify'd aright.
Ingenious Arkwright, all the world agree,
Compleateth every scheme by help of me;
Nor cou'd brave Rodney, if I'd quit his
force,

Drove the proud Dons, with shame to their
own course.

Pitt holds me dear—with him I'm all in all,
Shou'd I but leave him, he would quickly
fall.

The awful Being who in all things pry,
And ev'ry mortal's inward thoughts descry,
Without my aid, wou'd know no more than
you,—

Strange this appears! but you will find it
true,

When you find me, till then, dear gents
adieu.

Whoever answers the above Enigma, before
the 1st of August next, will have a chance of
winning a set of the DELIGHTS.



CHARADES TO BE ANSWERED.

Charade 1, by *Mr. Bowyer*.

HAIL blessed first! thou balm of human
mind,

Thrice happy he who's sure thy aid to find;
Hence useful next, and scan the shiv'ring
gale,

Or English commerce sounds a woful tale:
Arise my whole, for at thy heav'nly birth,
All nations sure will find a heaven on earth.

Charade 2, by *Mr. Nield*.

MY first is black, and of infernal hue;
The robber with my next accosteth you;
My whole is used in schools,—assists in
trade,
So ken, my boys, the name of my Charade,

POETICAL DELIGHTS.

Charade 3, by *R. Thomas.*

IN pity, alas! sable first
 From darkness uncover my tale—
 O'er disdain—of most passions accurst,
 O, let not thy silence prevail.
 From the beams of bright Sol's vivid ray,
Alphonso, kind victim of love;
 To my second his steps bore away,
 The cares of his breast to remove:—
 But, unable his grief to support,
 My whole he unhappily 'spy'd;
 Which, despairing, he eagerly caught,
 He eat—he sigh'd—and he died!
 False *Mira*! for ever now mourn
 The act thy unkindness provok'd;
 Can peace to your bosom return?
 No!—for ever that blessing's revok'd.
 Say, canst thou his virtues forget,
 His goodness and meekness of heart;
 How often in pain, at thy feet,
 Affection he strove to impart.
 Ah! view his sad cot on the lawn,
 Of happiness once the retreat;
 Where cheerfulness rose with the morn,
 Each symptom of care to defeat:
 Neglected, forsaken, and left,
 No swains now its pastimes explore;
 Each scene of all pleasure's bereft,
 Since *Alphonso*, its chief, is no more!

Charade 4, by *Mr. Thomas Nield.*

OH! beware that your next is not brought
 to my first,
 Or alas! it will shorten your days;
 But your body from troubles will then be at
 rest,
 And your toil and your labours will cease.
 My whole you'll oft meet with in almost all
 schools,
 Believe me I tell you no lies;
 Tho' in fact I shou'd say it as stupid as mules,
 And their master's good counsels despise.

Charade 5, by *Mr. William Burdon.*

RESPLENDENT first, when thou thy aids
 display,
 My next begins to shew the world its way;
 But, oh! be wise, revere my whole lest you
 In sad remorse repent the direful cue.

Charade 6, by *Mr. Gregory.*

HOW swiftly life does wear away,
 Of death the grave's my first I say,
 (We all must die you know)
 My next's an herb, in Wales 'tis fam'd,
 In England too, 'tis often nam'd
 In pottage for to go:
 These join'd will name a plant, which sel-
 dom grows on ground,
 Tho' 'twixt the earth and sky, it often may
 be found.



NEW REBUSES.

Rebus 1, by *Mr. Thomas Nield.*

TO three-fourths of affection be pleased to
 add,
 Two-thirds of a snare, and no more;
 Then the name of a fair one will quickly be
 had,
 A fair one I do much adore.

Rebus 2, by *Mr. Gregory.*

From a word in the English language,
 denoting a very necessary part of the furni-
 ture of an house, take away the initial, there
 will remain a kind of covering; from this
 also take away the initial and there will re-
 main a notable fluid. Required the names
 of all three?

ENIGMAS ANSWERED.

- | | |
|--------------|----------------|
| 1 SUICIDE. | 4 CUSHION. |
| 2 GRACE. | 5 PRAYER-BOOK. |
| 3 DILIGENCE. | 6 POWER. |

CHARADES ANSWERED.

- | | |
|---------------|--------------|
| 1 FRIENDSHIP. | 4 BLOCKHEAD. |
| 2 INKSTAND. | 5 SUNDAY. |
| 3 NIGHTSHADE. | 6 HOUSELEEK. |

REBUSES ANSWERED.

- | | |
|----------|----------|
| 1 LOVET. | 2 CHAIR. |
|----------|----------|



SOLUTIONS to the PRIZE ENIGMA.

1. *By Mr. Philip Norris, of Liverpool.*

YOUR prize, kind Sir, I'd fain transmit
Unto a future age;

But O! I fear some greater wit
Will push me from the page:

Yet had I strength and *pow'r*, I'd then,
In spite of such have place;

But since all hope rests with my pen,
Alas! I doubt my case;

Ah! merit, could I call thee mine,
How blest would be my fate;

With pleasure to implore thee mine,
When fame would ope her gate.

T. Whiting then would aid my lays,
And give me true delight;

By entitling me unto the bays,
As to my lawful right.

But since, alas! I'm uninspir'd,
Such favor cannot be desir'd.

2. *By Mr. John Rimmer, of Liverpool.*

DEAR Whiting and ye bards divine,
Who on Parnassus' summit stand,

Be kind, should I obtrude a line,
Drawn with a weak untutor'd hand.

Your songs such *pow'r* of parts display,
And geniusses so sublime,

That from the task I shrink away,
And oft retract my feeble rhyme.

C

But now my muse more bold is grown,
And strives the mystic prize to expound;
And should success my efforts crown,
A grateful friend I shall be found.

We received very ingenious general answers to the Enigmas, Charades, &c. from Messrs. Davis, Gregory, Griffith, Hewitt, Nield, Norris, Rimmer, and Webb, which we should have been glad to have inserted if we could have found room. The prize of one set of Delights has fallen to the lot of Mr. John Rimmer, of Liverpool.



ENIGMAS TO BE ANSWERED.

Enigma 1. (7) *by Mr. John Rimmer.*

IF your attention, bards, I can but gain,
Before you here I will myself explain:
I've got two arms, two legs, a head like-
wife,

And body too, of a moderate size:
My belly sometimes holds all kinds of dirt,
By which my constitution's seldom hurt;
But when I'm fill'd, immoveable I stand,
Unless my master takes me by the hand;
And then, which is stranger than the rest,
My body's weight upon my head is press'd,
Which mostly by an iron hoop is bound,
For when I move, alas! it must turn round;
When my belly's full and hunger allay'd,
In front of my master see me display'd;
But when I'm empty, and want something
more,

Behind him I move with the wrong-end
before.

Enigma 2. (8) *by Mr. O. Gregory.*

YE British youths, give ear awhile,
And on your friend indulgent smile:
Your happy state depends on me,
And you would in confusion be,
Your youthful beauty would be gone,
If once from you my aid were flown.
From most great towns I long have fled,
In rural huts to hide my head;

For noisy mirth I much detest,
 Yet thund'ring plaudits please me best.
 Ye sons of Bacchus now attend,
 I'm sure you'll own me as your friend;
 'Tis I support your fav'rite tun,
 Unpropp'd by me its use is none,
 And all the liquor it contains
 Would never fuddle your poor brains,
 If I my useful help withdrew,
 And, on my honour, this is true.
 Whene'er a pois'nous draught is made
 I then am sure to lend my aid;
 And when misfortunes on us frown,
 I make the nauseous cup go down.
 In eloquence I'm always found,
 Where truth and music do abound;
 And all its use would futile be,
 If it for once were robb'd of me.
 When (from the parent tree just torn)
 Some dainty fruit the board adorn,
 (Without the help of magic wand)
 I always in their centre stand.
 But hold—these hints my name will shew,
 So, for awhile, dear gents—adieu!

Enigma 3. (9) *by Mr. T. Stephens.*

I AM fat, I am slender, I'm pale as a sheet;
 My nose is as warm as a toast:
 No cloak I require, save to screen me from
 heat;
 I may sweat, but I never can roast.
 Like a hero in battle, tho' sure to expire,
 I never once flinch from my station;
 One gut, like a bear, and no more, I require,
 And I die of the gut-inflammation.

Enigma 4. (10) *by Mr. Stephens.*

BEFORE creating nature will'd
 That atoms into form should jar,
 By me the boundless space was fill'd,
 On me was built the first-made star.
 For me the saint will break his word;
 By the proud Atheist I'm rever'd:
 At me the coward draws his sword,
 And by the hero I am fear'd.

Scorn'd by the meek and humb'e mind,
 Yet often by the vain possess'd;
 Heard by the deaf, seen by the blind,
 And to the troubled conscience rest.
 Than wisdom's sacred self I'm wiser,
 And yet by every blockhead known;
 I'm freely given by the miser,
 Kept by the prodigal alone.
 As vice deform'd, as virtue fair,
 The courtier's loss, the patriot's gains;
 The poet's purse, the coxcomb's care.
 Read—and you'll have me for your pains.

Enigma 5. (11) *by Mr. Stephens.*

I'M an eye that never had sight,
 When alive I am buried, when dead
 brought to light.
 I'm admir'd by the rich, not so much by
 the poor,
 And belong to a man who's a very great
 whore.

Prize Enigma 6 (12) *by Mr. Lewis.*

SCENE A WOOD.

Three Witches performing Incantations.

FIRST WITCH.

HASTE! sisters haste! exert your baleful
 power;
 'Tis now the witching, the propitious hour!
 Bind well the charm in dark impervious
 shade;
 Shall mortals dare our mystic rights invade!

CHORUS.

About, about, about,
 From every eye shut out;
 In a magical round
 We will dance on the ground:
 See how swiftly we go!
 Rise up quick from below.

[*The charm rises.*]

FIRST WITCH.

GO, loathsome sight, with thy discolour'd
 face!
 Hence to the gallies, and assist the chase!

Tho' *black* thy masters' deeds, or *gore-red*
dy'd,
Thou ne'er shalt quit him till he's *justify'd*.

SECOND WITCH.

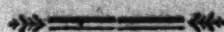
Fly, noxious taylor! know 'tis my command,
Close to the *gallows* thou shalt take thy stand:
Laid on the *coffin* thou the *form* shalt view;
The last, last *pull*, and see the *form* renew.

THIRD WITCH.

Without the pedant's aid, in schools untaught,
Go, skill'd in *letters*, and with *science* fraught:
Whate'er in *learning* may *obscure* appear,
By thy assistance shall be render'd *clear*.

CHORUS.

The charm is now done!
Then fly ere the sun
Shall peep o'er the hills, or the plains:
The mortal that tells
The contents of our spells,
A prize he shall have for his pains.



CHARADES TO BE ANSWERED.

Charade 1. (7) *by Mr. O. G. Gregory.*

NO house I think has e'er been made,
Except my first did give its aid;
Nor scarce a reg'ment has there been,
But in my second it was seen:
My whole's a bird in general known,
Whose name in holy writ is shewn.

Charade 2. (8) *by Mr. O. G. Gregory.*

TO the tales of lovers my first does attend,
And sometimes it hears the voice of a friend,
Tho' that's not so often the case;
When Colin and Lucy in marriage are join'd,
My second is brought and she is inclin'd
On her finger to give it a place:

My whole in the head-dress of ladies is seen,
From the wife of a tradesman, to princess
or queen.

Charade 3. (9) *by Mr. Rimmer.*

UPON my first the harmless infant see,
Reclin'd to rest from care and sorrows free;
My next's a faithful servant to mankind,
But we my whole an useless play-thing find.

Charade 4. (10) *by Patrick O'Sullivan, Esq.*

My first affords much barb'rous sport
When in the hunter's view;
My second sometimes tears their skins
While they my first pursue:
Then crush my whole and drink my blood,
When to excess you've run,
Perhaps I may digest your food,
And ease your bodies soon.

Charade 5. (11) *by Mr. Norris.*

WHEN Custine heads his Sans Culottes,
My first leads up the van;
And when they fly from Cobourg's shots,
'Tis foremost in the train.
Each youth's my next, in merry mood;
Or, when in splendor drest;
My whole, my first, esteems good food;
And's plac'd oft in the breast.

Charade 6. (12) *by Mr. Norris.*

MY first is much us'd for the making of
holes,
But internally taken's the joy of good souls;
My next, like the earth round its centre re-
volves,
When impell'd on the green, on our plea-
sure resolves;
My whole is most pleasing well fill'd with
my first,
To the toper, whose wailings are always of
thirst.

REBUSES TO BE ANSWERED.

Rebus 1. (3) *by Mr. R. Thomas.*

TO find an invention, (as authors relate)
By the sister of Mars, Bellona the great,
Take four-sevenths of a town in Suffolk
well known,
And three-eighths of a warrior, by Paris
o'erthrown:

If after this, ladies, I'm left to repose,
Your fore-finger end my name will disclose.

Rebus 2. (4) *by Mr. R. Thomas.*

OF a female attire, display'd on the head,
Two-thirds—with the particle, in;
Will name the first mortal by envy misled,—
The first of the fratricide train.

Rebus 3. (5) *by Mr. Norris.*

THE god of silence, and the wife of Orpheus;

A warrior fam'd, the son of Peleus;
A marsh, where Hercules the Hydra kill'd,
He, whom a peace with Romulus fulfill'd;
A river fam'd where Orpheus' head was
thrown,

When, by the Cycones he was rent and
torn:

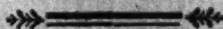
These initials join, and they will straightly
shew

A greater blessing than all else below.

Rebus 4. (6) *by Mr. Norris.*

The half of a part, and one-third of a bone,
Two-fifths of a circle, with one-fourth of a
tone;

Will shew a companion to those fond of talk,
That can bear with all nonsense and suffer
a joke.

Anagram, *by Mr. Norris.*

TRANSPOSE a well-known measure,
And you've the sportsman's joy;
Then please behold this pleasure,
And lo! the gamesters toy;

Transpose the whole again, fir,
'Twill shew your guardian friend:
Now lop from this the tail, fir,
A feat of state 'twill stand.
Now gents unveil your worthy friend,
And may it all your haunts attend.



Ode to Friendship, *by Mr. Norris,*
(Answering the Charades and Rebuses.)

SWEET Friendship, purest of our joys!

Too oft, alas! we thee despise,

Unconscious of thy worth!

May I presume, with my *Inkstand*,

With pen and paper at command,

To set thy beauties forth?

O'er deadly *Nightshade's* baneful pow'r,

Or *Blockhead's* scorn in envy's hour,

Thy virtues high shall soar.

As *Sunday* frees us from our toil;

So thou in trouble yields thy smile,

To cheer the heavy hour!

The *Houseleek*, some a balm may call,

Compar'd with thee, its use is null;

Such is thy influence!

Miss *Lowel* or fam'd Nield may tell,

Whither betwixt them thou dost dwell;

And there thy sweets dispense.

Thy worth may justly claim the *Chair*,

Where to preside o'er each affair,

True judgement to dictate!

To hurl down envious rebels base!

And by the *Hair* expose their race,

In *Air*, to head the state!

From such deceivers bare and false,

Under thy mask, may truth repulse,

And humble in the dust!

That so thy influence may be known

In Britain's isle, and still be shewn

To all who're truly just.

So may great George long time preside,

Blest with thy aid to be our royal guide.

ENIGMAS ANSWERED.

- | | |
|----------------|--------------------|
| 1 WHEELBARROW. | 4 NOTHING. |
| 2 LETTER U. | 5 POPE'S-EYE in a |
| 3 CANDLE. | Leg of Mutton. |
| | 6 Printer's DEVIL. |

CHARADES ANSWERED.

- | | |
|------------|--------------|
| 1 SPARROW. | 4 BUCKTHORN. |
| 2 EARRING. | 5 NOSEGAY. |
| 3 LAPDOG. | 6 PUNCHBOWL. |

REBUSES ANSWERED.

- | | |
|-----------|-----------|
| 1 NEEDLE. | 3 HEALTH. |
| 2 CAIN. | 4 PARROT. |

ANAGRAM.

ACRE, RACE, ACE, CARE, CAR.



SOLUTIONS to the PRIZE ENIGMA.

1. By Mr. Gawler.

MUCH of our country's discord and distress,
Springs from the too great freedom of the
press:
Nor can we wonder at this source of evil,
While every printer keeps in pay a devil.

2. The origin of the Printer's Devil,
By Mr. Brown.

WHEN Faustus at first did his printing begin,
A boy he employ'd and confin'd him within;
Left, perchance, if abroad he were suffer'd
to stroll,
The gaff he might puff, and discover the
whole.
Now those who had seen the poor lad thro'
a chink,
All over begrim'd with dirt, paste, oil, and
ink;

Declar'd 'twas the devil; since no one but
he
Could make copies so nice, to a tittle agree.
Nay, some e'en went so far as to say that
they saw
The horns on his head, and his devilship's
paw.
So 'twas held at that time, that whate'er was
in print,
Must be done by the devil, and the devil
was in't.
Thus the name was establish'd.—And now,
firs, adieu;
But for this information, give the devil his
due.

3. By Mr. R. Tattam.

OH! murder! murder! Type's wife cry'd;
I ask'd the cause of strife:
Why don't you hear? a wag reply'd;
It is the printer's wife.—
Not so my friend, quoth I; I fear
You quite mistake the evil;
'Tis not the printer's wife we hear,
'Tis sure the printer's devil.

4. Description of the Art of Printing,
by Mr. L. Alexander.

HENCE, ye midnight hags, away,
Nor dare to meet the coming day.
By your incantations vile,
Wretched mortals you beguile;
From your cursed spells may flow
Discord, murder, toil, and woe;
But the objects of your charm
Tho' you raise, you cannot harm.
From their case doth wisdom spring;
The letters to their stick they bring;
Then from the galleys to the chase,
Where each pregnant page they place;
And next with furniture surround,
Till all complete and tight is found.

D

Now to the *press* the weighty *form's* convey'd ;
 And near the *gallows* on the *coffin* laid.
 The well stuff'd *balls* the *jetty ink* supply ;
 Then clean'd afresh with the *corrosive lye* :
 Till *pull'd*, and *pull'd*, at length the snow-white *sheet*,
 With learning and instruction is replete.
 From this unravelling, 'tis plainly seen,
 The art of printing is the charm you mean.

We are sorry room will not permit us to insert the ingenious general answers to the Enigmas, Charades, &c. given by Messrs. Davis, Gregory, Griffith, Hewitt, Nield, Norris, Rimmer, and Webb.—The Prize of a set of Delights has fallen to the lot of Mr. Brown.

ENIGMAS TO BE ANSWERED.

Enigma 1 (13) by Mr. M. Mitcham.

A MEAGRE figure, tall and thin,
 Without a nose, or eyes, or chin,
 Most humbly begs you would admit
 His name within your book of wit.
 Yet tho' no eyes or chin I boast,
 I've got a head oft rules the roast.
 'Tis true, indeed, I have no brains,
 Yet much you'll find my pate contains.
 I in my office work so fast,
 No running footman makes more haste ;
 Nor is his body in more heat,
 Nor bears it larger drops of sweat ;
 And tho' as good a servant I
 As ever master yet come nigh,
 If my swift pace I ever slack,
 He's such a huffing, fancy Jack,
 That, with some dirty huffey's aid,
 He drives me faster—Truth, indeed !
 But tho' these hardships I endure,
 I'm fed most nobly, to be sure :
 Sometimes with good fat goose or fowl,
 You'll see your servant check-by-jole.

At other times I taste a chine,
 A pig, or eke a rich surloin ;
 Often, indeed, I fancy hare,
 But very seldom pudding share.
 So much already's said, no doubt,
 Your wit, so keen, will find me out ;
 But, lest you should mistake the clue,
 One hint, and then I'll bid adieu.
 A female tyrant, once, 'tis said,
 (With horrid thought and mischief led)
 Tho' hard I labour'd for her gains,
 Took me, and bound me fast in chains ;
 The reason why, she us'd me so,
 When you have found me, well you'll know.

Enigma 2 (14) by Mr. Beckett.

THO' man may boast unbounded pow'r,
 Know, I, in less than one short hour,
 Can make the stubborn mortal bow,
 And the most haughty humble low :
 And yet, which doubtless will surprise,
 I never was beheld by eyes ;
 Nor can the most attentive ear,
 My never ceasing motion hear.
 Hence take another hint or two,
 And then 'tis meet I bid adieu.
 Not one 'twixt here and the world's end,
 Or man or beast, can I call friend ;
 But ever doom'd to bear the weight
 Of every living creature's hate :
 What wonder is it, then, that I
 Am every creature's enemy ;
 And, all-revengeful, in my turn,
 Make all of every sex oft mourn ?
 But as it is man's constant prayer
 To be deliver'd from my care,
 That you may know I'm not all spite,
 For once I'll humour you—good-night.

Enigma 3 (15) by Mr. Nield.

E'ER trees were cloth'd in leaves of velvet
 green,
 Or vegetation sprang, or even seen,

I had my being,—had my dreary birth,
Deep in the bowels of the firm-set earth;
Hid from the piercing,—prying eyes of man,
Till he grew wise, then wisdom form'd the
plan,—

He found me out,—exposed me to the world,
Plung'd into water soon I then was hurl'd,
Where I endur'd malignity, and cold
Beyond description,—not fit to be told;
But very soon, revers'd my fortune was,
Thro' scorching flames, I then was forc'd to
pass;

Pass! nay confin'd and forc'd for to endure,
A kind redress from none, e'en'd I procure,
Until his will,—'till this barbarian chief
Released me, for to encrease my grief;
Then see! my tears, like twinkling stars
descend,

O! angels, from his wrath do me defend,
Stop now his blows, I sink beneath their
weight,

Still, heavier still, and thicker too they light.
He's done! and form'd me to his fell desire,
To live on flames, and feed on scorching fire;
Alas! my troubles now are past relief.
Woe leads to woe, and grief succeeds to grief.
Each night, when sable curtain veils the day,
And plummy songsters, sleep upon the spray,
I'm handed forth; and plac'd upon the plain,
And like a corps, am in a coffin lain;
At head and feet, two little spectres rise,
Like jack-a-lanterns, meet your wand'ring
eyes.

By them, you oft direct your weary way,
Sigh, moan, or cry, dance, laugh, or skip and
play.

But e'er anon, without my kind correction,
They'll dull appear, and seem in great de-
jection;

Some social friend, a friend to love and peace,
Who's fond to please, and see a cheerful face,
Raises me up, the spectres I behead,
(Again enurn'd, again appear as dead),

Yet they are happy, free from pain, or fear,
And even then, more cheerfully appear;
They smile applause, nor think I've done
them harm,

In th' room of which, as if by magic charm,
Fresh ones arise; I then renew the fight,
And eager snatch them from the realms of
light;

And like a cannibal, do on them feed,
Such is my nature, such the food I need,
By ennodation now, explode my name,
And place my merits in your page of fame.

Enigma 4 (16) by Celia.

MEN to the specious sacrifice,
The real disregard;
Each glittering toy attracts their eyes,
And gains a safe reward.
But is there none whose mental sight,
Can dissipate the shade;
O'er error's mist induce the light,
And leave the trifler's trade!
Yes—some there are, and these will own,
How bright my merit shines;
In wisdom's eyes I'm purer shewn
Than all Golconda's mines.
By me extended commerce reigns,
And rolls from shore to shore;
I mark the pole in azure plains,
Nor dread the tempest's roar.
Relying on my friendly aid,
The sailor smiles serene;
When clouds the blue expanse o'erspread,
And sun's arise in vain.
Yet small my form, and low my birth;
No gaudy tints I shew;
Drawn from my fertile mother earth,
Thro' purging fires I go,
Till fashion'd by the artist's skill
He ties the marriage chain;
When I my destin'd ends fulfil,
And still my love retain.

Prize Enigma 5 (17) *by Mr. O. G. Gregory.*

COME, my muse, and aid my song,
With me briskly trip along,
Let us prance across the vale,
Over hill, and over dale;
Then with mirth let us be seen,
Dancing on th' enamell'd green:
Help me then to tell my case,
And my birth and lineage trace:—
Cast your eye to yonder mead,
Where the sons of lo feed,
Amongst them is my father seen,
In stature stout and sturdy mien:
Where I to tell you how he's us'd,
How by men he is abus'd,
How he's tortur'd, put in pain,
And, at length, alas! is slain:
If you could but me believe,

Your hearts, if not of stone, would grieve.

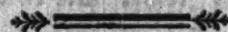
When from my parent's side I'm torn,
Thro' various stages I am borne,
I'm sometimes low, and sometimes high,
Immers'd in wet, then hung to dry;
And when each change is undergone,
My name and use is then well known.
My stomach then does full appear,
But still my lot is quite severe;
Instead of good, substantial fare,
They feed me commonly with air!

But change the scene, and view yon plains,
Where the jocund country swains,
Are in martial order drawn,
Widely spreading o'er the lawn:
See! the contest is begun,
Perchance to last till setting sun;
Mark the heat, and arduous pace,
With which they follow up the chase:
Nor should you wonder thus to see,
The close pursuit made after me;
For know, more rivals for me strive,
Than for the fairest nymph alive.
But then with sad contempt I meet,
And oftentimes they me ill treat;

And tho' for me there's such a rout,
'Tis only to thump me about.

Thus they often spend the day,
'Till its light is chas'd away;
Then sit down and tell the tale,
O'er a jug of nut-brown ale,
And as fresh jorums of the nappy,
Make them feel content and happy,
I must not discontented be,
Tho' they ne'er think of toasting me.

Then come ye enigmatic train,
In darkness let me not remain,
Chase away the shades of night,
Bring me forth before the light,
My name ere this you've long descri'd,
So—draw this flimsy veil aside.



CHARADES TO BE ANSWERED.

Charade 1 (13) *by Mr. Gregory.*

OH! when my Maria does smile upon me,
My first does my bosom o'erspread;
And food for my next the reader will be,
When he's number'd amongst the dead:
My whole may be seen almost ev'ry night,
In hill, dale, or meadow, or grove;
Where it often shines forth in splendour
quite bright,
Imitating the bodies above.

Charade 2 (14) *by the same.*

SELDOM have you at dinner been,
But my first is on the table seen;
And sometime when a person's vex'd
He'll to another give my next:
My whole is made my first to hold,
So now I pray it's name unfold.

A new Paradox, *by Mr. John Rimmer.*

A PART of ev'ry creature's frame,
Four letters will display;
And yet but one behind remains,
If one you take away.

Mo
rov
Your h
Exclaim
There
To him
To him
To him
With ge
And tho
The nak
The age
Grieve
Will for
A long
Conquer
Within
Like bla
Like th
He'd sco
But all t
Distingu

ENIGMAS ANSWERED.

- | | |
|--------------|---------------|
| 1. SPIT. | 4. COMPASS. |
| 2. PAIN. | 5. FOOT BALL. |
| 3. SNUFFERS. | |

CHARADES ANSWERED.

1. GLOW WORM. | 2. SALT BOX.

The PARADOX—Is BONE.

Enigmas answered by Mr. Nield.

AN ELEGY.

On the Death of Wm. Turton, Esq.

OF KNOLTON-HALL.

MOURN! mortals, mourn! and let your sorrow shew;

Your heart-felt grief in tears of purest woe.
Exclaim his worth to Heaven's great awful throne,
There tell his deeds, his character make known.
To him what orphans made their daily prayer:
To him what widows dropt their woeful tear;
To him what fathers bow'd their aged head;
To him what beggars blind and halt were led;
With generous hand his purse he open'd wide,
And showers of comfort pour'd on either side.
The naked cloth'd—the hungry fill'd with bread,
The aged warm'd—the little infant fed.
Grieve wives and children, grieve; but ah! in vain,
Will sorrow bring cold death to life again?
A long like gilded snuffers, now he's lain,
Conquer'd by time,—by time alas! he's slain.
Within his heart no spire did e'er reside,
Like bladder puff'd, nor fill'd with empty pride,
Like th' compass steering, mariners so brave,
He'd scourge the villain, and correct the knave;*
But all the good, he us'd with tender care,
Distinguish'd them, like glow-worms from afar,

Then box with salt beef, often times he's fill'd;
And bones of mutton sent, when sheep he † kill'd.
But now alas! his charity is o'er,
No more in crowds, the indigent and poor
With uplift hand, will flock about his door.
He's gone! farewell! and may his generous soul
In glory live,—in sweets eternal roll.

* When a Justice of Peace.

† He has given this Winter, before his Death, to the poor of this parish and neighbourhood 700l. in meat, coals and cloathing.

Another Answer by Mr. R. Humber.

Since pain, disease, and death doth stalk,
Around this earthly ball,
May I within due compass walk—
(Ere long the Lord will call.)
The spark of life will be snuff'd out, SNUFFERS
A spit of earth cast on my head,
My rhyming o'er, without a doubt,
And I be number'd with the dead.

ENIGMAS to be ANSWERED.

Enigma 1, by Mr. John Griffub, of London.

MY whole great numbers wish to get,
But disappointments often meet.
Take off my head, then will appear
What ladies don't refuse to wear:
Once more lop off the head, and then,
You'll see what's priz'd by gaming men.

Enigma 2, by Mr. John Gorton, of London.

E'er aged Snow top'd time his pilgrimage com-
menc'd,
Or animating Sol his genial warmth dispens'd;
E'er heary-headed Ocean in his confines groan'd,
Or silver shooting Cynthia, queen of night was
thron'd;

E'er call'd from empty nought the willing earth
obey'd,
I long existence knew, and pow'ful charms display'd.

Gay and resplendent Phœbus o'er th' Etherial plain,
His nimble footed couriers taught I to restrain,
To guide the fiery chariot and ensure the rein.
When brilliant constellations first from chaos sprung,
And with surpassing lustre Heav'n's blue concave hung,
Inspir'd by me, they mov'd, and each her matchless
maker sung.

Of this creation, fair I drew the mighty plain,
And in idea form'd that noble being man.

Nor can my pow'r decrease, by conflagration spent,
When nature dreary scenes of ruin shall present;
When to profound oblivion sinks the gaudy sun,
And corm'rant time himself his stated race hath run;
When pageantry, when pride, and when stern war
shall cease,
And devastation wrap the jarring world in peace:
Unmov'd thro' ev'ry shock I shall my state maintain,
While glories circling round my head can never
cease to reign.

*Enigma 3, by Mr. Thomas Nield, Master of a
Boarding-School, in Pen-y-lan.*

Behold! my sire, with head aloof he stands,
And like a chieftain, he the train commands,
Commands my mother, who in stately pace,
Goes slowly on, adorn'd with every grace,
In peace and happiness, parades the plain,
And has in number, oft a numerous train.
Sweet peace prevails, while I am by her side,
But when snatch'd forth, her peace it is destroy'd,
For some short time, until her pain be o'er,
Then I'm forgot, and never thought of more.
Useless at present; 'till some skillful hand,
With form acute, he gives me full command.
Now I become the little school-boy's plague,
Assists Diana in her plann'd intrigue,

Perplexes,—pleases,—teazes; such is my fate,
The project's fram'd; and I then move in state
With nodding head, and gentle graceful mein
I lead the van, and form the amusing train.
Sometimes, all mirth and joy from me take place,
But ere anon, with sorrow'll fill your face,
Well bound around with human flesh and bone,
I've oft strange faces, and great wonders shown;
Deluded some, (I speak this to my shame;
And by my works, I some have rais'd to fame.
But stop! no more I need myself expose,
Or I'm found out, and all my merits lose.

Enigma 4, by Mr. Gale, Edgware Road.

Though I assist the riddling train,
I don't remember to have seen
One hitherto, who's wrote a line
On me; either in prose or rhyme:
Yet they in me most pleasure find,
Neglect is then the more unkind.
If I did not attend their call,
There is not one would write at all;
Or even count, by line or rule,
In fact he'd be an empty fool.
When I am not, the human mind
Is one vast void, all dark and blind.
It's I that makeith science shine,
And human kind almost divine.
Though I am pent in narrow hold,
Wonderful things I do unfold:
And strange to tell in my small womb,
All things therein find ample room.
Nor love, nor triumph without me,
Could of the least duration be.
Now what I am, I beg you'll tell,
Wherein so many objects dwell.

Enigma 5, by Mr. Gale.

Ye rhymers rare, your thoughts prepare,
My name for to unfold;
I guide you all, both great and small,
Likewise the young and old.

I have
To be
This
Till
The
With
Elbow
Your
At last
Begin
Behold
Some
To be
Pleasure
It is a
What
Some
And a
But joy
And d
To gre
Tho' f
Genius
For wit

Of fancy born, and to my scorn,
 Folly's my chief support,
 I'm brought from far, in time of war
 Or peace; I'm found at court.
 You'll think it strange, my shape I change,
 Just to my maker's will,
 By ladies sought, and oft am brought,
 In being by their skill.
 Without my aid, there'd be no trade,
 For I'm what's most admir'd;
 Being the thing, that's by the king,
 And subjects most desired,
 Now find my name, and then with fame,
 You shall be rewarded;
 Besides by me, you then will be,
 Esteemed and regarded.

Enigma 6, by *Adolescent*.

I have ever thought Enigmas to commence,
 To be more difficult than to explain their sense:
 This way, and that, in vain you try,
 Till out of patience, you implore and cry
 The Muse's aid, which if they'll not grant
 With passion great, you rave, and rant.
 Elbow the table, bite the feather'd quill,
 Your forehead strike, your ink perhaps spill;
 At length a lucky thought with joy you spy,
 Begin to write, and so will I:—
 Behold the tradesman, and perhaps his son,
 Sometimes repair to it when business done,
 To beguile the time, relieve the mind,
 Pleasure and instruction both to find.
 It is a mirror thro' which you may see,
 What you are, and what you ought to be.
 Sometimes you're struck with horror sad,
 And all your faculties are in sorrow clad;
 But jocund mirth soon comes to your relief,
 And dispels quickly the dark clouds of grief,
 To great perfection we have brought it
 Tho' from other nations we have sought it,
 Genius, and wit, it delights to cherish,
 For without it faith it would perish,

It supports learning and by learning is supported,
 So for its great use it may be courted;
 But more than I meant I have already said,
 Then of this Enigma I will break the thread,
 To discover it I'm sure you'll have no pains,
 For it is not in alley's, or in dirty lanes,
 On the contrary open to your sight,
 But of this no more I chuse to write.

PRIZE Enigma, by *Mr. J. Becket*.

One day in town, I chanc'd to meet
 A thing that mov'd along the street;
 Tho' it had neither legs nor feet,
 Nor wings,—nor head,—nor tail;—and yet
 Of feather'd kind, and black as jet.
 It could not fly, and yet I found
 It touch'd not in its course, the ground!
 By two twin brothers 'twas directed,
 And each five passengers protected.
 It mov'd on slow, yet kept before,—
 What I admired ten times more.
 Now say, what was this thing so black,
 And you'll oblige your servant Jack.

The Printer is exceedingly sorry, that he (through the hurry of business) left out Mr. Davis's name in the Title; it certainly is a great oversight, but he has no doubt but Mr. D's goodness will pardon it, or any other error that might escape him, or the Editor, in this Number, and assures Mr. D. and the rest of the partners of this Work, that the strictest attention shall be paid in future.

AN ANAGRAM.

By *Mr. James Gale*.

DEAR gents if you please to take,
 Three letters from the alphabet
 Join them with care, and they will name,
 An animal of ancient fame;

Or instrument of war explore,
 Much us'd, 'tis said, in days of yore ;
 If you transpose these letters three,
 A word of mischief then you'll see ;
 Transpos'd again you will find,
 A thing most useful to mankind

CHARADES to be ANSWERED.

Charade 1, *by Mr. Thomas Nield.*

With azure blue, behold ! my first appear ;
 My next is gay, and free from care and fear ;
 My whole doth in my first, exulting rise,
 And charms my ear, with his melodious noise.

Charade 2, *by the same.*

All in my first, fair Celia she is dress'd,
 And plac'd my second, in her lovely breast ;
 To make her charms, and beauty more appear,
 I'll cull my whole, and give it to my dear.
 Join then my whole, and second, and you'll see
 Two lovely flowers, of no low degree.

Charade 3, *by Mr. R. Humber.*

'Tis right of precedence—stands prior,
 Ah ! awful next—(kind muses aid the lyre)
 Alas ! how soon, the fleeting moments glide !
 Swift as th' billows—of yon rapid tide,—
 Charming whole,—if innocence attends
 Th' active village school-boy, oft befriends.

Charade 4, *by Adolesces.*

My first in magnitude, and immensity of space,
 Of any thing beneath the heavens must take place ;
 Its boundless wealth, its matchless store,
 Would take whole ages to be counted o'er,
 A small part of which only to obtain,
 Of adventurers many, has been the bane.

My next, tremendous affails the coward's ears,
 Fills him with dread, and multitude of fears,
 How unlike the hero ! who rejoices at his name,
 Where renown is got, and everlasting fame :
 Of my whole at present, you may sometimes read.
 But you know enough, away I'll haste with speed.

Charade 5, *by the same.*

Once more, dear Sirs, I your attention crave,
 Which favour pray do not refuse ;
 My Charade to hear, but time to save
 Is not by commenting, but to lose.

An insect is my first, and small in size,
 That to do good to mankind delights ;
 They join themselves by friendly ties,
 And toil both days and nights.
 My next is of toil the well known cell,
 To which doth bring his share,
 Where idleness could never dwell,
 Nor sloth to enter dare.

My whole in my last is fully told,
 So seek no more to know,
 One word more, and then I'll hold ;
 Man's to my first a foe.

A NEW REBUS.

By Mr. James Gale.

FIRST take a coin, and to it join,
 A title of renown,
 Next to my wish, two thirds o' a fish,
 And then a Seaport Town.
 Join these with care, and I've no fear,
 But you will soon disclose,
 The best relief for pining grief,
 That interrupts repose.

ENIGMAS ANSWERED.

- | | |
|------------|-----------------|
| 1. PLACE. | 5. FASHION. |
| 2. WISDOM. | 6. DRAMA. |
| 3. PEN. | 7. LADY'S MUFF. |
| 4. BRAIN. | |

CHARADES ANSWERED.

- | | |
|----------------|---------------|
| 1. SKY LARK, | 4. SEA FIGHT. |
| 2. WHITE ROSE. | 5. BEE HIVE. |
| 3. PASTIME. | |

The ANAGRAM—Is RAM, MAR, and ARM.

The REBUS—Is SLEEP.

The PRIZE ENIGMA, answered by Mr. John Murgatroyd, of Mixenden.

ON RETURNING SOME NUMBERS OF DELIGHTS
TO THE REV. J. SHACKLETON.

MY thanks to you for loan of the delights:
Unrivall'd science here her stores unites.
For Whiting's perseverance too I'll pray,
Forwarding still the knowledge of the day.

*The same by the Rev. J. Shackleton Thornton, near
Bradford, Yorkshire.*

What Jack admired, I think was Stella's Muff,
If I am right, then, Sir, I've said enough.

*Mr. O. G. Gregory's Address to his Pupils, in
answer to the Prize Enigma, No. 5, Delights.*

Recollect, my dear Boys, as the School you draw
near

That to all my instructions you ought to give ear,
Not a moment in School time should you idly spend,
But in each branch of learning should strive to
amend;

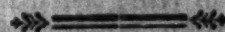
When your hours of attendance are vanish'd away,
You may then for amusement with each other play,

For exercise brisk, to your health will conduce,
But then, pray take care that you use not abuse;
For tho' you at Cricket or Foot ball engage,
You ne'er should give way to that foul monster
rage.

Nay, believe me, dear boys, you will find that
through life,

There is nought to be gotten by rancour and strife:
So of each vicious passion I'd have you beware,
And strive to avoid it as you would a snare.
But religion and virtue, I assure you will tend
To make you respected and gain you a friend;
Be these your companions, and none can prevent
Your enjoying the best of all blessings—Content.

*Ingenious answers were also given by Messrs. Clifton
Davis, Gale, Hewitt, Humber, Ward and Webb.*



Enigma 1, by Mr. John Ward, Schoolmaster,
Atwick, near Beverly, Yorkshire.

WITH God I reign perpetual without end,
And at fix'd times, I all mankind befriend.
No stranger I, each morn I call on you,
Like a near friend, to ask you how you do;
But more than this, for I ne'er on you call,
But I you serve.—I servant am to all;
Except some vile, who from my presence steal,
Who love me not, for I their works unveil.
My Parent's black, but I'm as white as snow,
Rule half the sphere, and every climate know.
Take one hint more, then me you'll clearly see,
Where I am not, my parent there must be.

Enigma 2, by Mr. O. G. Gregory, of Yaxley.

Make room for me.—“For you, for what?”
Nay my good friend, don't be too hot;
I'm for the rich an epithet,
Transpose aright, nor do not fret,
For on my word, there then will be
A thing we at the fire place see,

F

Cut off the head and then I say,
 There will be left what you oft pay;
 Transpose this too, and then is shewn,
 What is full well by Grocer's known;
 Transpose again, for then you'll view,
 What has been sometimes shed by you.
 Take off the head of this, and then
 There's left an useful part of men;
 Transpose but this, and there will be
 A plural verb for you to see.
 Take the tail from what's oft shed,
 Transpos'd you'll see the use of bread;
 If not transpos'd it would display,
 What's mostly taken twice a day.
 From what's oft paid take off the tail,
 And the remainder will not fail
 To be, direct, a reptile bold—
 Revers'd, of use to young and old.
 Then come ye worthy British youth,
 Whose science is to search for truth,
 With ease you will discern my name,
 In Whiting's page record the same.

Enigma 3, by Mr. John Ward.

I'm first and I'm last, nor beginning nor end,
 I in both sexes reign, to all I'm a friend;
 I reigned in Heaven before all things there—
 I reigned in Eden, nor knew grief or fear;
 When all flesh had sinned, 'twas I that brought
 down,
 Blest Jesus to suffer, to purchase a crown
 For penitent sinners, and so to restore,
 An Eden more happy than that lost before.
 'Twas I paid the ransom, 'tis I that make whole,
 Give sure hope to the Christian, and gladden his
 soul;
 I cover his failings, give new life and breath,
 And cause him to joy o'er sin, sorrow and death.
 I'm the radiance of glory, Eternity's Air,
 The sweet breath of heaven, and reign in all there.

Enigma 4, by Mr. Joseph Jones.

I'm both an enemy and friend,
 I b'efs and curse without an end;
 For, every hour of every day,
 Life's saved by me and took away,
 I'm long and short, I'm round and square;
 I'm found on earth, yet ride in air:
 I've fabled residence in hell,
 And strength and weakness in me dwell.
 Who want me, bitterly complain;
 Who have me, treat me with disdain;
 For me full many a league men stray,
 Yet take me with them all the way:
 I can the fondest pair divide,
 Or bring the lover to his bride.
 I'm both an antidote, and bane
 Of dearth and plenty on the plain.
 Men, beasts, and fowl, feel my effect,
 And Earth and Air my course direct:
 And who to live without me try,
 Repent their folly oft, and die.

Enigma 5, by Celia.

A faithful friend, a steady guard,
 A constant watch without reward;
 I check the bold, the rash, the rude,
 Nor suffer villains to intrude.
 My guardian care the rich commend;
 The wretched claim me for a friend—
 My power prevails when force retires,
 My aid the lover's heart inspires.
 To me his rest the miser owes;
 From me the public safety flows:
 E'en justice owns my greater might,
 To save untouch'd the private right;
 And law, and truth, and wealth were vain,
 Without my all-protecting reign.

Enigma 6, *by Mr. Gale.*

No doubt, for me, all will agree
 A place I ought to have
 In Whiting's page, where youth and age
 Instruction may receive.
 Of all things rare, I pray take care,
 Of me your choicest prize,
 For if ill us'd and oft abus'd,
 May leave you by surprize.
 I am belov'd and much approv'd
 By all in whom I dwell,
 And without me, there's none wou'd see,
 The Hermit in his cell.
 Often I'm short, but with effort
 I lengthen out my time;
 And it's no pun, hazards are run
 For me, by the divine.
 And yet 'tis true, men me pursue,
 Often in dark disguise,
 He's the best man, who forms a plan,
 To take me by surprize.
 Though strange to tell, I'm favor'd well
 And ev'ry one's my friend,
 Being the boon, but ah! too soon
 You'll say I find an end.
 And now good gents, from these few hints,
 You'll find my name with ease,
 Then if I can, he that's the man,
 Shall wear the earned bays.

Enigma 7, *by Lintoniensis.*

Ladies and gents, tho' ne'er, 'till now,
 I've dar'd to stand before ye;
 Your well known goodness prompts to crave
 Attention to my story.
 Our family you've count'nanc'd oft,
 And kindly, too, respected;
 Tho' in the end, to speak the truth,
 We're all thrown by neglected.

And I, no doubt, that fate must share,
 As others have before;
 I, too, shall be, perplex, be known,
 Despis'd, and be no more.
 Our family are all born cheats,
 Deceit is what employs us:
 No wonder, then, who finds us out,
 Immediately destroys us.
 Our dress is black; we thereby gain
 Respect, first sight—(you'll find
 We've brethren in iniquity,
 To many, 'mongst mankind.)
 My name is of such general use,
 Whatever schemes on foot,
 Tho' never known, it surely points
 The dark contrivance out.
 No more: such vengeance follows those
 Who secrets thus betray;
 I shouldn't be myself again
 Were I much more to say.

PRIZE Enigma, *by H. Thomas, Esq.*

I am myself a perfect whole,
 Altho' I am but half;
 I bear of mighty names the scroll,
 A sort of cenataph.
 I am both sexes, past dispute,
 And still Sir am of neither;
 But am, tho' not in vast repute,
 Companion fit for either,
 As many heads as hands have I;
 But what may more surprize,
 No teeth, no smell, no sight—yet why?
 I've noses, lips, and eyes.
 A hero bold, and goddess free,
 I'm yet held cheap and vile;
 Some beg to have me piteously,
 Yet have me all the while.
 Altho' a hero, void of crime,
 I ne'er was known to quarrel;
 I ne'er cou'd fight, or sing, or rhyme,
 Yet ever wore the laurel.

A CHARADE.

By Mr George Clifton, of Peterboro'.

My first with sense and reason is endow'd;
 My second is the custom that's allow'd:
 My whole they strew, upon our English ground,
 T' improve the grain; for which, it is renown'd.

A REBUS.

By Mr. J. Clifton.

A common liquor much in use,
 A beak that oft receives abuse;
 The Englishman's devout desire,
 A fish that's chiefly in the mire;
 The initials found will appear,
 To be a name that reigneth here.

A PARADOX.

By Mr. Gregory.

Arid the gay parterre I'm often found,
 Diffusing pleasing odours all around.
 Six letters fully will my name display,
 Yet six are left, if four you take away:
 If five instead of four away be ta'en,
 You then will find that nothing does remain.

AN ANAGRAM.

By Mr. G. Clifton.

The tyrants character explore,
 Which when transposed is a fore;
 Transpose again it will explain,
 What all in trade wish to obtain.

Another by Mr. O. G. Gregory.

If the name of a sea fish you nicely transpose,
 Of a shoe, or a boot you a part will disclose:

From this take the head, and I'd have you beware
 For then you'll discover before you a snare:
 If this snare you reverse you surely will find,
 That you've only a share or a piece left behind.
 From the part of a boot if the tail had been ta'en
 What shines bright each eve when transpos'd would
 remain,

Reverse this with care and you will have express
 Some vermin which frequently houses infest:
 From these take the tail and revers'd will be shewn,
 The name by which seamen in England are known;
 Transpose this with speed and you'll then have in
 view,

What when solving this puzzle is used by you.
 From the kind of a snare away take the head,
 And what's left would perhaps make our knuckles
 look red;

If this be revers'd there will then be display'd,
 A kind of equality well known in trade.
 Now you youths who in solving such riddles delight,
 An answer to this to our friend Whiting write,
 That when the next number is publish'd he may,
 In his famous Delights your solution display.

Lines intended for a School Piece.

All you my friends who now expect to see
 A piece of writing, thus perform'd by me:
 Cast but a smile on this my mean endeavour,
 I'll strive to mend and be obedient ever.

ADVICE

To certain profound Philosophers who have discovered that "Death is an eternal Sleep."

Ye who, in Reason's and Religion's spite,
 Presume to sleep through an eternal night:
 From frightful Dreams 'twould guard the wisest
 head,
 With a good conscience to retire to bed.

J. G.

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ENIGMAS ANSWERED.

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|-----------|---------------|
| 1. LIGHT. | 5. LOCK. |
| 2. GREAT. | 6. LIFE. |
| 3. LOVE. | 7. ENIGMA. |
| 4. GOLD. | 8. HALFPENNY. |

CHARADE—MANURE.

REBUS—GALE.

PARADOX—VIOLET.

ANAGRAM 1. CRUEL, &c.
2. SPRAT, &c.

The PRIZE ENIGMA, answered by Mr. John Taylor,
Commercial School, Mansfield-Place, Kenilworth-
Town.

YE rich, on whom gay fortune smiles,
And plenty shows her copious stores,
Nor poverty, nor hunger's trials,
Nor piercing cold, nor care are yours—
Oh haste, the poor man's wants supply,
And wipe the tear from sorrow's eye!

Let not ambition's haughty crest
The generous deed of mercy blight—
Let pity soothe the troubled breast,
Nor spurn the wretched from your sight:
Bid iron-hearted avarice fly,
Nor grudge the sordid Halfpenny.

Relieve the sons of sad distress,
Be-dry the grief-worn widow's tears—
The weeping orphan's lull to rest,
And calm the hoary goodman's cares.
So shall you blessings reap on earth,
And joys eternal after death.

The same, by Mr. R. Humber, of Brighton.

A room! a room! ye gents sublime,
For no adept at making rhyme,
While I the Esqr's prize unfold,
Which is not silver, lead, or gold—
Its worth in copper is but small,
The half a penny buys it all.

The same, by Mr. Collins, of Kensington.

Permit me, sir Thomas, the whole truth to unfold,
You've copied verbatim, exceedingly bold;
For I'll lay you a halfpenny, I show you the theme
Which you sent the Delights, (where it now may
be seen).

It was printed at Sherborne, by Goady and Co.
Where the answer was sent about nine years ago.
Now I pray, good sir, when you scribble again,
To compose what you send, not get hurt for your
pain;
For no laurel can ever your noddle intwine,
While you rob brother scribblers of jingling rhyme.

ENIGMAS, &c. to be ANSWERED.

Enigma 1, by Mr. R. Humber, of Brighton.

AS five to one the difference ran
When the disorder first began—
And ere the darken'd shades of night
Succeed the sweet declining light,
A strange phenomenon appears,
Which myriads of revolving years
Had never brought to light before,
And surely never will no more:
All the angelic host on high,
With men below the azure sky,
Must stand astonish'd—well they might—
For God himself ne'er saw the like,
Until this period (thus decreed),
The consequence is, numbers bleed—

But mark, this wondrous event
Was through the boon of one dear saint—
The course of nature was turn'd round !
By this methinks the thing you've found ;
If not—another help I'll lend—
It happen'd in the promis'd land ;
The time the sacred penmen say,
Doth in between the Adams lay—
The stars of heav'n were not in sight,
Nor was it seen by sable night :
Th' above I pray you ponder well,
Then sure, what thing I am, you'll tell.

Enigma 2, by Mr. G. Clifton.

I hope you'll think it no disgrace,
When you unfold this mystic lore ;
Nor yet refuse it a small place
Amongst the number men explore.
Tho' from a beast, behold I spring,
Yet man's perfection I receive—
Then I am us'd by prince and king,
And other persons I relieve.
Altho' I often cross the main,
From Russia's dominions—
From Turkey I do not refrain,
Nor yet from Spanish regions.
To rich and poor my aid I lend,
For a shield against cold weather ;
All sorts of learning I defend,
Yet, a poor defence to either.
Of divers colours I am made,
For a different use design'd—
But like the rose, in time I fade,
The property of all mankind.
So now the hints, that I give here,
You may find out at your leisure,
And to the world, let them appear
'Mong our friend (the author's) treasure.

*Enigma 3, by Mr. John Tayler, Mansfield-Place,
Kentish Town.*

Bards, tho' I am your constant slave,
I nothing at your table crave—
Tho' at your service I attend,
And my assistance you befriend—
Nothing from you do I receive,
But stripes and blows, without my leave :
When stormy wind tempestuous roars,
And soaking rain, descending pours,
Then my enlivening warmth you ask,
(In imitation of the mask)
In journeys too, you post away,
I'm sure to bear you company,
And step by step thro' mud and mire,
Am bound to shield your gay attire ;
I own these favours are your due,
But not from any love to you,
Do I the cheering comfort lend,
'Tis force that makes the stubborn bend.
Thro' Albion's isle to yonder throne,
My genuine usefulness is known :
Then learned gents display my fame,
Stern winter dignifies my name—
Be sure you give the honor due,
For now, perhaps, I succour you.

Enigma 4, by the same.

Hell-born race of Pluto's cavern,
Ever known to teaze mankind ;
Swarming, near where rolls the Severn,
And great Thames, you them may find—
Sov'reign George, our lord and master,
Is not from their malice free ;
Many a fair-one in disaster,
From their venom'd arrows flee—
I myself have felt their hatred,
Tho' in humble, low estate ;
Their hungry stomachs often sated,
Curs'd as oft my wretched fate.

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PRIZE-

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In features ugly as the Devil;
 Sharp as envy is their bite;
 Like most other things of evil,
 Chusing darkness rather'n light;
 In holes and crevices abiding,
 Thinking safe to keep from man;
 Yet, at times no fear nor chiding,
 Without murder! tame them can.
 With such characters before ye,
 Soon, ye gents, you'll know their fame—
 To friend *Whiting* tell the story,
 Show the world their loathed name.

PRIZE—Enigma 5, by Mr. J. Collins, School-
 master, of Kensington.

Ye learned gents, whose piercing eyes,
 Can soon unfold th' abstrusest prize;
 I come conceal'd, & employ your wit,
 Which soon, too soon, I fear you'll hit.

Well known was I in days of yore,
 In Noah's time, and long before;
 And shall for everlast'ing be,
 From time unto eternity.

In straw-thatch'd sheds where peasants dwell,
 I am, and some say too in Hell;
 In city, town, and country too,
 In dungeons dark you may me view.

In palaces I may be seen,
 Where dwells our noble king and queen;
 Where dire destructive cannons roar,
 You'll see my ghastly visage soar.

At early dawn you'll see me rise
 Toward the vaulted azure skies;
 From thence you'll see me head-long hurld,
 Through diff'rent regions of the world.

Where topers quaff their nut-brown ale,
 Enjoy their pipe and cuff a tale;
 There, valu'd bards, I may be seen,
 Amongst the Bacchanalian train.

Besides, amongst the numbers pass,
 I'm found more useful at the last,
 By country oaken farmers, when
 Pomona's crops begin to spring—

When nauseous insects would it best,
 'Tis then they do my aid request,
 For to dethrone the num'rous swarm
 That would the luscious blossoms harm.

Ye noble youths, mark what I've penn'd,
 I now shall strive to gain my end,
 So let this hint my theme compleat,
 I often help to dress your meat.

More might be said my name to obtain,
 But, surely, I have spoke too plain!
 Now gents, till next we'll bid adieu,
 Left I impose on time and you.

CHARADE 1, by Mr. R. Humber, of Brighton.

My first, in records we are taught,
 Against a warlike general fought;
 Propitious next, a welcome friend,
 Which does by day assistance lend—
 My pleasing whole, with aspect bright,
 Oft cheers the darksome shades of night.

Charade 2, by Mr. J. J. Thompson, of Brighton.

How dreaded is my first by sinners all,
 The righteous keep my next against God's call!
 My whole's a warning as men say,
 To reclaim the sinner from his erring way.

An Anagrammic Charade 3, by Mr. John Collins,
of Kensington.

Ye valiant hero's stout and bold,
Who know your task, my first unfold;
Next, gents, select a scripture name—
My whole's a rope, explain the same:
A letter change, transpose it right,
Another rope you'll have in sight—
A letter change, invert once more,
Implies delight—the same explore;
Two letters drop*, the change repeat,
You'll find it is a thong complete—
Change it again, a hulk you'll find;
Transpose once more, if you're inclin'd,
A scripture name you will disclose;
One letter drop, again transpose,
A once-fam'd judge 'twill then descry—
Again to change it if you try,
To reconcile you will declare;
Transpose it right, with art and care,
You will display a scripture name,
Stand forth ye bards, explain the same—
One letter change, transpose again,
Shews what with fools doth often reign;
Invert it right, ye Britons free,
'Tis practicable then you'll see:
Cut off my tail, you'll have exprest,
What all must do e'er they exist—
Now lastly change it, without doubt,
A sort of bev'rage you'll make out.

Charade 4, by the same.

Ye noble gents, and British fair,
Who can the darkest themes declare,
No doubt my first, in early days,
Your craving appetites did please.
Now o'er the sacred writings scan,
(*Tis pleasure to a scripture man)

* From the last rope.

A name from thence you'll quickly trace,
Well known of Adam's numerous race.
These parts select, and them connect,
And then the answer you'll detect—
'The which you may T' Whiting send,
And tell him 'tis the printer's friend.

Charade 5, by Mr. J. Taylor, of Mansfield-Place,
Kentish Town.

Search the rules of mensuration,
Where old Euclid's laws abound,
Or the scales of computation,
I with either them am found:
Hail, ye fires, with age grown hoary,
Frequent you my second are;
Yet, perchance, I may before ye
Struggling, quit this vale of care.
Virtue, sense, and clear-ey'd reason,
Sprightly nymph! adorns my whole;
Many an eve in winter season,
Hast thou cheer'd my pensive soul.

Charade 6, by Mr. R. Humber, of Brighton.

My first not near,
My next oft dear—
My whole amount
Of small account—
From this charade
Remove the shade,
You'll quickly see
What thing I be.

ANAGRAM, by the same.

A thicker, gents, if you transpose,
Reveals those berries which there grows;
Now change again, and Mary knows
What oft she does to Billy's clothes.

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ENIGMAS ANSWERED.

- | | |
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| 1 SUN. | 4 BUGS. |
| 2 LEATHER. | 5 SMOKE. |
| 3 UMBRELLA. | |

CHARADES.

- | | |
|---------------|-------------|
| 1 MOONLIGHT. | 4 PAPER. |
| 2 DEATHWATCH. | 5 INCHBALD. |
| 3 HALTER. | 6 FARTHING. |

ANAGRAM.

SHAW, HAWS, and WASH.



ANSWERS TO THE PRIZE ENIGMA.

1. By Mr. John Hindson, of Lincoln.

OH! come sweet peace, erect thy olive wand,
Bid discord cease and commerce bless our
land;
Oh! let the *smoke*-fraught cannons cease to roar,
And war, dread war, be banished from our shore.

2. By L. W. D. of Brighton.

In Whiting's *Delights*, Sirs, beneath a fly veil,
Shrewd Collins has told you a mystical tale;
But fairly set too, and the veil's quickly broke,
And all Collins's efforts soon vanish in *smoke*.

3. A SONNET, addressed to SLEEP, by Mr. John Tayler, Mansfield-Place, Kentish Town.

Come gentle Sleep, thy lulling pinions spread,
And fold my senses in the arms of rest;
Why fly my couch, and leave my aching head
To combat thoughts that tear my tender breast?

Ah, stupifying friend, make me neglect
Fair Mira's frowns that harrow up my soul—
Her beauteous form and sprightliness forget,
And every anxious thought of her controul.

In Lethe waves my boiling passion veil—
O still my soul—ye balmy slumbers deign;
As all entreaties, ev'ry plaintive tale,
She weighs as *smoke*, light curling o'er the plain.

Stay then thy care—nor grant her wonted rest,
That she may know to pity the distressed.

GENERAL ANSWER TO ALL THE ENIGMAS,

By Mr. R. Humber, of Brighton.

MORNING.

The *moon* retires, and *sol* appears, 1
And dawning light the country cheers;
The *bugle* horns re-echoing sound, 4
"And gladden'd nature smiles around."
Behold yon hamlet teems with *smoke*— 5
Hark! the hoarse Ravens loudly croak;
See how the blooming village maid,
(Unmindful of th' *umbrella's* shade) 3
With cheerful steps pursues her way,
To labor thro' the sultry day:
The rustic too, with home-span coat
And *leathern* bottle, leaves his cot— 2
Across the lawn, with peaceful brow,
Prepares to guide the furrowing plough;
The wounded earth receives the corn—
Anon! mid-day absorbs the morn.

NEW ENIGMAS.

1. By Mr. John Tayler, Mansfield-Place, Kentish Town.

INGENIOUS youths that mystic tale
Ne'er crept beneath enigmas veil,
Was e'er more open laid before ye,
Than this my theme and simple story.

H

To tell from who, or whence I came,
 Or where I am, or what's my name :
 All nations know that I have been
 Yet certain 'tis I ne'er was seen.—
 Thousands thro' life doth wait for me,
 Yet wait in vain my form to see.
 In vain old Grius hoards his store,
 And rake-all spendthrift sues for more,
 To cloy their over-craving mind,
 And seek enjoyments none can find :
 For me their strenuous toil extend,
 In hopes with me their cares will end—
 Such wild-goose chase, such vain pursuit,
 Mistaken brethren ne'er will do it.
 Each morn presents I boldly say,
 What I shall be, was yesterday—
 How strange soe'er it may appear,
 When farthest off you think I'm near.
 The guilty prisoner pleads in vain,
 'Till I arrive respite to gain ;
 Ah, could he get such pardon penn'd,
 His days would last 'till time should end :—
 Myriads discourse hourly of me,
 As many dread the misery,
 'The throbbing pangs, the aching hearts,
 'The bleeding wounds, the piercing smarts
 I cause amongst the throng to rove,
 Tho' my proceedings they approve—
 Many I cause to break their rest,
 While anxious thoughts corrode their breast ;
 Yet was I ne'er with them nor you—
 Your humble servant—Gents adieu.

2. *By Mr. R. Humber, of Brighton.*

————— " Propitious nine."
 Diffuse thy rays, and shed thy beams benign ;
 Assist for to enwrap my direful name,
 In pitchy night, amid seraphic flame :
 My origin, tremendous to relate,
 Such is the tale of my relentless fate ;
 Down subterraneous caverns, dismal shades,
 But faintly where the glimmering light pervades ;

'Mid frightful caves involv'd in gloomy night,
 'Till by some conqu'ring hand I'm brought to light ;
 Borne from the earth, do not spontaneous rise,
 Ye gods propitious ! hear my rending cries ;
 Doom'd to th' flames, and furious blows, for gains,
 Perchance may bind the monster for his pains !
 The vanquish'd victor oft parades in me ;
 (Kind is the friend who sets the wretched free)—
 In doleful dungeons, where the prisoner groans,
 'Mid darksome cells where yonder captive moans !
 A truce with these unpleasing feats of woe ;
 I'll now describe those brighter scenes I know.—

————— " Hail ! lovely maid,"
 Once more I do invoke thy friendly aid
 To tell my worth, which is immense oft known ;
 Carefs'd by sov'reigns on the lofty throne.
 How brilliant does my dazzling lustre vie,
 With burning orbs of yon bespangled sky :
 The charming fair would not my glories hide,
 Hence takes me near, and seats me by her side—
 And when Clorinda deigns to ope the dance,
 I with the gentle nymph do frisk and prance :
 And should you chance to ramble o'er the lawn,
 At setting eve, or ere the breaking dawn,
 I move before—your ev'ry step attend,
 And prove a constant, and a faithful friend :
 Should you desire to know how minutes fly,
 To aid your kind research I'm ever nigh ;
 And at your head do take my wonted stand,
 When shades of night pervade the gloomy land.
 Come, rend those lines, and burst the mystic veil,
 My name, O gents, some future day reveal.

3. *By Mr. J. Collins, Schoolmaster, Kensington.*

Hail ! fam'd Apollo, haste I pray,
 The summit of thy temple quit,
 And Oh ! bestow one gentle ray,
 And aid my feeble muse to write.

When mounted on Pegasus' wing,
 No dread or danger need I fear ;

Like learned Darwin would I sing,
Like Pindar would I strive to steer.

I to the learned am well known—
As are my useful kindred all ;
Tho' much unlike, as has been shown,
For some are curv'd, some straight and tall.

I am the youngest of the kin,
But I such curious nature boast,
That never one is with me seen,
Except, it is to end a roast.

And then but one amongst a score
Can e'er admitted be with me ;
We two then substituted are,
Straight in the stead of seven and three.

And when alone I three supply,
Tho' strange to you it may appear ;
Gents, on the truth you may rely,
The lawyers all do know it clear :

To them my use is much confin'd,
E'er they their grov'ling fees can crave ;
May all sweet peace and union find,
Nor their assistance want to have.

I aid the printer and the sage,
And the geometrician gay ;
No longer let my pen engage,
But let me now be brought to day.

Stay—one hint more, I must declare,
My comic figure to describe ;
Tho' not an oval, round, nor square,
Many are of my num'rous tribe.

Such absurd shape I'm known to wear,
You may not ever think it true ,
Take this last hint, I'm serpentine,
Now till next year will bid adieu.

CHARADES.

1. *By Mr. John Tayler, Mansfield Place,
Kentish Town.*

On yonder green where flowers are seen,
And nature's bloom ascends ;
Virtue and bliss with happiness,
My humble first attends.

Ye British fair my next declare,
Nor imitate her ways—
Love cleanliness tho' in distress,
And you will merit praise.

Now, wedded youth, to speak the truth,
I wish you free from cares—
My whole pray shun, let wives alone,
And mind your own affairs.

2. *By Mr. Samuel Barrow.*

When men go out to seek for prey,
My first are often seen ;
My second, with a woman may
In yonder vale have been :
My pointing whole you plain may see,
And trembling say, go past !
For fear a first yourself may be,
As sure as be a last.

3. *By Mr. J. Collins.*

Enlighten'd bards, who often scan
Friend *Whiting's* philosophic plan—
Accept the thesis of a swain,
Who veils his mythic truths in vain :—

My first is an ingredient good,
It often helps digest our food :
A female is my next when shown—
Join these, my charade will be known.

4. *By Mr. R. Humber.*

I am a flow'ret of the plain,
Amid the goddess Flora's train—
Should you a fault'ring step but make,
My second is the dire mistake ;
Th' whole my bellowing first devours,
Alas ! for these ill-fated flow'rs.

5. *By Mr. J. Collins.*

An insect now ye gents describe,
And one of Adam's num'rous tribe—
Select the parts, and them unite,
And send it to friend *Whiting*, right.

6. *By Mr. Samuel Barrow.*

Behold my first, when dawn appears
O'er yonder craggy mount ;
My next you'll find to spinners dear,
If you're inclin'd to count.
My whole's an ornament you'll find,
That much adorns the female kind.

7. *By Mr. J. Collins.*

A liquor, pray, with care select,
To it a scripture name connect ;
And you will then expose to view,
An offspring of my former two.

8. *By the same.*

An accident my first implies,
My second is a game well known ;
Connect the parts ye wits of fame,
My accidental whole is shown.

REBUS—*By Mr. John Tayler.*

An element, gents, first present,
A friend to haughty man ;
A passion name, held in great fame,
Thro' Britain's happy land :

What priests display when christians pray,
Eternal joys to find :—
What often rests in human breasts,
And preys upon the mind—
The initials take and them connect ;
One—Oh, forbear, from me keep clear
Of the tormenting sect.

ANAGRAMS.

1. *By Mr. J. Collins.*

To Smithfield market straight repair,
Transpose what's often selling there,
You'll instantaneously declare
What oft offends the lovely fair.

2. *By Mr. R. Humber, of Brighton.*

Transpose a fault
Reveals a halt—
Invert with care,
Behold a snare :
Transplace the lay,
A school-boy's play ;
Within these lies
What swiftly flies.
Now name them gent,
And I'm content.

3. *By Mr. John Tayler.*

Beyond Heav'ns spangled high concave,
Resides my first, supreme in bliss ;
His name transpose my next to have,
An emblem of true faithfulness.
One letter drop you will behold
A prince, by Israel's children slain,
Combine, another to unfold,
A beast delicious tho' unclean.

4. *By Mr. J. Collins.*

A miser if you right transpose,
An helpless state you will disclose.

ENIGMAS ANSWERED.

- 1 TOMORROW.
- 2 CHAIN.
- 3 Character &c.

CHARADES.

- | | |
|-------------|---------------|
| 1 COTAGE. | 5 MOTHER. |
| 2 MARKSMAN. | 6 TOPKNOT. |
| 3 FATHER. | 7 BROTHER. |
| 4 COWSLIP. | 8 HAPHAZZARD. |

ANAGRAMS.

- 1 STRAW, WARTS.
- 2 STOP, POTS, TOPS, &c.
- 3 GOD, DOG, OG, HOG.
- 4 CHURL and LURCH.



GENERAL ANSWER TO THE ENIGMAS,

By Mr. Richard Humber.

TO-MORROW and S,
The centre a *chain*,
Doth all th' Enigmas,
I think right explain.

NEW ENIGMAS.

1. *By Mr. D. Griffith, Keppel-House.*

On the wave's ærial dance,
Sportive, on a summer's eve ;
Sailing through the vast expanse,
The hero of my theme perceive.
Son of pleasure's empty train,
Light and airy, vague and vain—

Take thy pleasure, take thy way,
Vain thy course and short thy stay !

Random wand'rer ! roving 'round ;
Tending to no point or place :
Atom in the vast profound !
Idler ranging boundless space !
Wand'ring idler ! sport away :
Wanton out thy short-wing'd day.
Thought nor care thy course annoys :
Thought nor care thy breast employs.

Like vain pleasure's airy band,
Floating far and floating near :
No end in view—no means in hand—
No compass points—no pilots steer.
Son of an hour ! spread the sail—
Yield before the driving gale :
An inch of space—a moment more,
Thy flight is flown, thy course is o'er !

Far into the future ken ;
His random life's for ever o'er :
But, vain man ! remember, then,
Thine begins to end no more !
Son of an hour !—immortal soul,
While eternal ages roll !
Mite amid the boundless vast !
Mind that must for ever last !

EPIPHONEMA.

Sons of Pleasure ! is it so ?
Heirs of endless bliss or woe !
Seize the moment—catch the gale—
Steer aright, and spread the sail :
Now all your care, and skill employ,
Make the port of endless joy.
See th' imperial city rise :
See her towers climb the skies :
See the radiant banners wave—
See bright gold the city pave :

I

See the galling cross laid down :
 See, assum'd, the brilliant crown !
 See eternal glory bright—
 See soft ravishing delight—
 See sweet bliss inwrap the soul :
 See full raptures spread the whole :
 See your Saviour chide your stay ;
 Beck your sluggish souls away !

*This is not inserted for any enigmatical Merit,
 but the Moral it is intended to convey.*

2. *By Mr. J. Collins, of Kensington.*

Ingenious bards, of everlasting fame,
 To whom belongs a meritorious name ;
 Blame not a simple and illiterate youth,
 Who strives in vain to veil a mystic truth :
 Friend *Whiting*, sir, I hope you'll deign to spare
 A corner of your valu'd annual care ;
 And on the same, I beg *M. K.* will print it,
 As carriage free, I've to you, worthies, sent it.

Now from apologizing I shall turn,
 And tell from whence my origin first sprung :
 I like all mortal beings had a birth,
 And then was nourish'd by old mother earth ;
 Such chuff and surly cur am I in grain,
 If man would turn me, he'd attempt in vain ;
 But if an animal should pass me by,
 'Tis known full well, if bid, he'd make me cry—
 Would drive me where'soe'er his master chose,
 And durst not, for a drubbing to refuse.
 I in the woods and lanes am known to stray,
 And thro' the fields I often find the way :
 But when gay summer bids farewell to you,
 And winter comes with cold and rimey dew—
 When purling rills are bound in icy chains,
 And flaky snow conceals our native plains ;
 I then retire beneath a straw-thatch'd shed,
 And there I stay, and plenteously am fed.
 But, reader, cease ! while I the tale resume :
 I am admitted in a better room—

But, oh ! such tortures then I'm doom'd to feel,
 I'm flead—hung up, ah ! shocking to reveal !
 I then become the present mystic scene,
 And soon, too soon, I fear it will be seen.

3. *By Mr. R. Humber.*

Ye hallow'd nine, assist mine artless lay,
 In mystic strains to sing my natal day ;
 Attune my strings, with sympathetic glow,
 And let each line in pleasing numbers flow.—

Sought for by man, on Ganges golden shore,
 Where water-falls in distant echos roar—
 Beneath yon seas or margin of the wave,
 Where limpid streams in peaceful silence lave—
 Till by a wretch, borne from my native bed,
 Then thro' a fiery path I'm basely led ;
 And next, by curious art, men me prepare—
 Happy's the man who can my favors share.

For me ambitious men, convulse the world ;
 Nations and states, are into misery hurl'd.
 Th' embattl'd chief, with blood-stain'd banner
 rear'd,
 Where din of war 'midst clash of arms is heard ;
 And veins that with athletic ardor glow,
 And purple tide's in copious torrents flow.

Known to the astronomic's bright survey,
 Who can thro' shades, celestial signs portray—
 What philanthropic men do oft impart,
 To cheer the gloom of sorrow's bleeding heart ;
 Sometimes a wreath from Flora's grateful train—
 Anon, for me, devoted men are slain.—

Known to the pauper and the clown, and found,
 The brow of Britain's sire t' encircle round :
 Part of the human frame, yet strange to sing,
 Fit only for an emp'ror or a king.
 Unfold ye pearly gates of blissful day,
 My sparkling lustre there I do display ;
 'Midst radiant glory beam celestial fires,
 Whilst list'ning throngs attune their golden lyres.

Come, gents, who deal in dark mysterious lore,
Develope this, and my bright name explore.

3. *By Mr. D. Griffith.*

You know not me—my mother you have seen,
Trip, gipsy-like, across th' enamell'd green.
Never one moment's rest, the poor old wight,
Has she, nor Summer, Winter, day nor night,
But, on her back, where'er she spends her years,
A group unnat'ral children, always bears.
Oft times, these monstrous wretches, in a rout,
Open her womb, and tear her entrails out :
With cruel hands, her inmost bowels rend ;
In triumph bear them, or in presents send :
Shocking to tell ! yet, she, poor old fond heart !
Blind to her wrongs, still acts a tender part ;
Feeds, cloaths, and warms these wanton wretches
still ;

Nor does not, with maternal care, fulfil
A mother's task.—So have I often seen
Some poor, fond, silly mother (woful scene !)
Doat, with mistaken tenderness, and love,
On her rude fondling—all his ways approve :
Tho', in return, th' ungrateful monster should
Rip up her yearning bowels—shed her blood !
The youngest of her num'rous sons, prescrib'd,
And (don't speak loud) th' unnat'ral wretch,
describ'd

Am I—o'er all my brethren I've obtain'd
(Tho' there are contests, yet, at times maintain'd)
The mastery—my mien its terror spreads ;
And reigns the monarch of unnumber'd heads.

I speak the word, the moon suspends her course,
The sun, observant, checks his fiery force.
I bid the stormy main its bounds to know ;
And call up rivers, from their beds below :
Th' obedient waves mount upwards tow'rd the sun ;
Or, o'er the hills in air-built channels run.
The wond'ring bark, far downwards, casts her eyes ;
Sees plains extend, and rocks, and mountains rise :
Astonish'd, views meand'ring rivers flow ;
And flocks, and herds, and gazing crowds below.

At my command, the raging fire obeys ;
The sportive flame, in wanton ambits plays :
Or, listless, in his hollow cavern, sleeps ;
“ Burn ”—at the word, lo ! heaps lie dead on heaps.
Air, subtle element, submits to me ;
Now, at my pleasure's bound, and now is free.
I speak, and, see, a lofty mountain rise.
I speak, and, levell'd with the ground, it lies.
Taught by my hand, the winged forest flies
To distant lands, and far-extended skies :
Or the bold * vessel floats in liquid air ;
And traverses th' unbeaten regions there :
Leaves earth beneath ; then, bending from afar,
Looks down, surpris'd, on this diminished star !

But, tho' thus dignified, immensely high,
A meaner thing, perhaps, ne'er met your eye.
But you're surpris'd—This master of a world
Is, by the simplest things, at pleasure, twirl'd.
You'll think me, if a true account be given,
The most eccentric object under heaven.
Sometimes, you'll find me on my lofty throne ;
In swelling glory, call the world my own :
Commanding awe and veneration's eyes—
Just turn your back a bit—I'm catching flies.
Some times, for hours together, without rule,
In extasies, I'm laughing at a—fool.
Bursting, with pow'rless rage, anon, you'll see,
Because a bloody gnat insulted me.
Here, in proud moral dignity divine,
There, on a dunghill, snoring by a swine.
One while, humanity I preach aloud ;
Then *make* some creatures suck each others blood.
For hours, to deck and furbish me I toil ;
Then drop, and turn a loathsome object vile.
My noblest part, I scornfully despise ;
My worthless, more than all the world I prize.
A wretched mite—a glorious world in one
A moment's atom ; yet, outlive the sun.
Sublime, yet sorry-vile, yet (wond'rous scene !)
Grand—noble, base—magnificent and mean !

* Air Balloon.

Thus I have given my odd long tale its range.
 A little strange, 'tis true, but true as strange.
 Now go—unsign'd my name, no doubt, but you
 Will have the goodness, sometime, so to do.
 Your most obedient servant, sir, adieu.

CHARADES.

1. *By Mr. D. Griffith, Keppel House.*

Think not a varnish'd style to wear,
 A *worthless* name embellish can :
 Man is the noblest we can bear ;
 But know—*'tis merit makes the man.*
 My first is deck'd in swelling pride,
 And gilt in glory's awful blaze :
 Splendor and equipage applied,
 To form his name, their brightest rays.
 My second, lightly skimming soft,
 O'er hills, rocks, dales, and plains of sand :
 O'er countless nations flies aloft—
 The guardian angel of our land.
 My whole's a pompous empty sound,
 Pronounc'd with solemn awe profound ;
 An idle pageant—puff of air,
 The wise man scorns—the fool holds dear.

2. *By Mr. R. Humber.*

My first a deity, whose rays benign,
 Illumes, and round this spacious earth doth shine ;
 My next a unit, known to gamblers well—
 O, may some gracious friend when you're unwell,
 Administer my charming, cheering whole,
 For to allay the sorrows of the soul.



F. J. N. S.

3. *By Mr. J. Collins.*

My first is to injure,
 My second's a cell ;
 My whole is a title
 In Europe known well.

4. *By Mr. J. J. Thompson.*

My first's a covering for the head ;
 My second for my first was made ;
 Look in my whole, my first you'll see,
 And what that is, Gents, pray tell me.

5. *By Mr. J. Collins.*

My first, ye Gents, you may be sure,
 Is useful at your passage door ;
 My next you quickly will display,
 'Tis brought to us across the sea :
 Now find my whole, you'll not mistake,
 'Tis us'd by men who letters make.

REBUS. *By the same.*

Hail ! valu'd wits of *Whiting's* sheets,
 Well skill'd in mystic art ;
 Peruse each rhyme, in a short time,
 You will my theme impart :
 Devonian's plain doth it contain,
 As these my hints display ;
 A Parish sure it will explore,
 Much fam'd for corn and hay :
 A bird, a beast, a fish, a feast,
 A tree that's known full well ;
 A knave, a root, a fool, a fruit—
 Adieu, ye bards, farewell !

